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"A Citizen of No Mean City"

An address by
Mr. James S. Ewing
on the occasion of the
celebration of the 50th Anniversary
of the organization of
Bloomington, Ill., into a city
Delivered Thursday, May 10, 1900

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Gentlemen and Ladies:

Saint Paul, in Jerusalem, was accused by certain of the Jews. They said, "he was a pestilent fellow, a stirrer-up of sedition, a ring-leader of the sect of the Nazarenes, a follower of one Jesus, who is now dead, but he says is alive." The Chief Captain seemed to recognize him as an Egyptian murdered.

But Paul said, "I am a Jew, of Tarsus, in Cilicia, "A CITIZEN OF NO MEAN CITY."

This claim of citizenship did not seem to be sufficient, for they bound him, and ordered him to be scourged. But Paul said to a Centurion that stood by, "Is it lawful for you to scourge a man that is a *Roman*, and uncondemned?"

When the Centurion heard that, he went unto the Chief Captain, and said, "Take heed what thou doest; for this man is a *Roman*!"

Then the following conversation took place:

"Tell me! art thou a Roman?" Paul said, "Yes." And the Chief Captain answered, "With a great sum obtained I this freedom;" but Paul said, "I was free born!"

The Chief Captain decided he had no jurisdiction, and that a Roman citizen could not be tried under the Jewish law. So he sent Paul to Cæsarea, to be tried by a Roman Governor.

And between Paul and this Roman Governor occurred another remarkable conversation.

Paul said, "Neither against the law, neither against the temple, nor yet against Cæsar have I offended anything at all."

Festus said, "Wilt thou then go up to Jerusalem, there to be judged of these things?"

Then said Paul, "I stand at Cæsar's judgment seat, where I ought to be judged. I appeal unto Cæsar."

And when the Jews again demanded the death of Paul, this Governor said:

"It is not the manner of the Romans to deliver any man to die, before that he which is accused have the accusers face to face, and have license to answer for himself concerning the crime laid against him."

Rome had been a republic for 500 years, and her liberties had not yet been lost in the glory of her conquests; but from the Clyde to the Euphrates, and in all her provinces on either side of the Mediterranean, as well in Tarsus as at Rome, the ægis of her laws covered and protected her citizens.

This was a marvelous inheritance! Paul had not "bought it with a great sum," but it came to him as a birthright; and we do not wonder that with pride and confidence he declared he "WAS A CITIZEN OF NO MEAN CITY."

Many things have happened in the nineteen centuries since this exultant declaration of citizenship. Kingdoms and Empires have risen and fallen; Republics have been born, baptized in blood, and gone down to death in their greed for gold and glory. Revolutions have swept over the earth, and chaos reigned for a thousand years. And yet, through all this long night, through all these plots and counter-plots, the spirit of human liberty has survived, and somehow bridging over the waste places of history, enables us to say tonight, with the same pride and the same confidence as Paul in Cæsarea, "I AM A CITIZEN OF NO MEAN CITY."

This citizenship is our inheritance! not "bought with a great sum," but a free gift from our fathers who say to us in spirit, tonight, "Take it! and be thankful."

The city of Bloomington is fifty years old today. But there is a *decade* prior to our entrance into city life, with which I am quite familiar, and about which I pre-

fer to speak. To me, Bloomington from 1840 to 1850 is much more interesting than Bloomington from 1850 to 1900.

To know a man or a woman well, you must know something of his, or her, youth; and to know a city, you must know who were its builders; what were its youthful surroundings, and under what conditions did it find its municipal life?

When we are young our minds are easily moved to joy or sadness by the chords, or discords, of our own dreaming, and imagination plays a large part in filling waste places with things of beauty, and often casts a glamour over events which, possibly, are quite realistic.

Therefore, if some things I may say should seem to be somewhat fanciful, you will remember this is a reminiscence, rather than a history.

Bloomington in 1840 was a picture of "Sweet Auburn!" Try to think of it, as it nestled in the sunshine on the border of the grove. Great oaks standing like mailed sentinels for its protection. No landscape garden; no flower bordered park; no well shaven lawn, or artificial lake, was half so wonderful as that Blooming Grove!

Oaks, elms, hackberry and linden, ash, hickory, maple and walnut; open glassy glades and leafy dells; natural bowers, trellised with wild grape vines, carpeted with violets and sweetwilliams, perfumed with flowers and resonant with the music of singing birds.

This wonderful grove, full of animal life, fed at nature's bountiful table; a thousand flowers, ranging from spring violet to the golden-rod; the may apple, the paw-paw, and the purple grape; from budding spring to fading autumn, for the delight of man, arrayed herself in her changing garments of beauty.

And the prairie to the north of it more wonderful than the grove, waving and undulating like a sea in motion, was an endless landscape of grasses and flow-

ers, where the wild rose blossomed and the red deer wandered.

“Wonderful land,
Where the loam and the sand
Burst into bloom
At the touch of a hand.”

And so, between the *grove* and the *prairie*, with their “orchard, and meadow, and deep tangled wild-wood,” lay this pretty village like a sleeping child in the sunshine and the shade.

And this is what the dreamer saw:

“Seas of grain and of answers to the prayers of mankind
And the rose in blossom making a bride of the wind,
And the prairie flowers shining like a scripture in bloom,
And the bees abroad with their plunder and boom,
Never blundering amiss, for there is something to kiss,
Where the flowers out of doors smile in all weather,
And bud, blossom and fruit graced the garden together.”

I hold that the men who build a city, who lay its foundation and nourish it into life, impress their characteristics upon it for generations to come. And it is to the founders and pioneer citizens of Bloomington, who laid its foundations in soberness and righteousness, in intelligence, integrity and honor, that, we owe the high reputation of our city, and the pride with which we say today, “WE ARE CITIZENS OF NO MEAN CITY.”

And when I mention the names of these gentlemen, I am calling a roll of honor.

THE VILLAGE SCHOOL!

for four years, or more, was taught by Dr. Wm. C. Hobbs. There were other school teachers before and after. Mr. Bragg, Mr. S. S. Luce, Mr. George W. Mineer, Mr. Peter Folsom, but the village school teacher proper, *par excellence*, was Dr. Hobbs. A singular and remarkable man! He came from Louisville, Ky., I think in 1838. He was the dentist, school teacher, and the

social *arbiter elegantiarum* of the village. He was a large, handsome and elegant gentleman. While most other citizens dressed in blue jeans, tow linen and linsay wolsey, he wore broadcloth, silk hats, immaculate linen and silk lined cloaks. He was afterwards a merchant, and for many years the county clerk.

He died leaving no enemies, a good many debts, and twenty-seven satin vests.

I recall the following names of persons now living in Bloomington who attended this school: Adam and Peter Guthrie, William Newton and James Hodge, Jonathan H. Cheney, Thomas J. Bunn, Richard Lander, John T. Walton, James and William Depew, Edward Hardy, Dr. Wm. M. T. Miller, James S. Ewing, Lewis B. Thomas.

Miss Virginia Hayden, now Mrs. Lynus Graves.

Miss Louisa Depew, now Mrs. Dr. Crothers.

Miss Harriet Hardy, now Mrs. I. W. Wilmuth.

Miss Margaret Hanks, now Mrs. Richard Lander.

Miss Nannie McCulloch, now Mrs. D. S. Dyson.

Miss Lydia McKisson, now Mrs. Edward Hardy.

Miss Mary Hawks, now Mrs. O. T. Reeves.

THE DOCTORS.

When I first remember Bloomington, the block north of the court house was owned and occupied as a residence by Dr. John F. Henry.

He came from Clarksville, Tenn.; was a descendant of Patrick Henry; a brother of the Hon. Gustavus Henry, one of the great orators of Tennessee.

Dr. Henry was a most elegant and accomplished gentleman, as well as an able physician. He improved the farm east of the city now owned by Mr. George P. Davis, and did much to give tone, character and culture to the new community.

The block east of the court house was owned and occupied by another physician, DR. JOHN ANDERSON. He

was the father of Mrs. Jonathan H. Cheney. He was a gentleman of means for that day; a learned physician of great dignity of character and of superior intelligence. He died in early manhood, but was long remembered in the village for his kindness and real worth.

Dr. Colbourn was another of our early doctors who was very much loved and respected. He removed to Peoria, where he died many years after. His son is now one of the leading physicians and surgeons of that city. There were others who came a little later; the ones I most particularly remember were Dr. A. Luce, Dr. Ezekiel Thomas, Dr. E. K. Crothers, Dr. Geo. W. Stipp, and Dr. Chas. R. Park.

THE LAWYERS

were David Davis, General Gridley, Wells Coulton, and Kersey H. Fell. Afterwards, but while Bloomington was yet a village, and almost at the same time, came a number of young lawyers who well supplemented the fathers of this bar, and continued it, what it always had been and what it has remained to this day, one of the ablest in the state; Leonard Swett, Ward W. Orme, John H. Wickizer, Wm. H. Hanna and John M. Scott.

There were other distinguished lawyers who, while they were not residents of Bloomington, yet practiced at the McLean county bar, and we may claim something of their fame as a possession.

AN INCIDENT.

In the early history of this county, two boys, one day, went into the old court house to hear a lawsuit tried. There were assembled eight young lawyers—not all of them engaged in the trial, but giving strict attention to the proceeding. It was not a suit of great importance. Some one had permitted his cattle to stray into his neighbor's cornfield; the neighbor set

his dog on the cattle, and a suit in trespass followed. It was really a suit between the dog and the steers, and involved their respective characters for quietness and good deportment in the neighborhood. But engaged, or interested, in that suit, were eight young lawyers. I doubt if any one of them over 26 or 27 years old; certainly not over 30, and some much younger. The court was presided over by SAMUEL H. TREAT, who afterwards became a United States district judge, and one of the most distinguished lawyers and jurists in the state. One of the lawyers was GENERAL ASAH EL GRIDLEY, our townsman, and a well known citizen of the state.

DAVID DAVIS, first a noted lawyer, then a circuit judge; then a judge of the Supreme court of the United States; then a United States senator and acting vice-president of the nation; a citizen of state and national fame, whom the people of Bloomington loved and delighted to honor.

Another was JOHN T. STEWART, a brilliant lawyer, several times a member of congress, and one of the most lovable of men.

Another one was DAVID CAMPBELL, then the prosecuting attorney, and afterwards a prominent lawyer and citizen of Springfield.

Another was EDWARD D. BAKER, who was afterwards a United States senator from Oregon; a famous orator, who immortalized himself by his marvelous oration over David Broderick.

Another was JAMES McDUGAL, a brilliant Irishman, afterwards a United States senator from the state of California.

And ABRAHAM LINCOLN! who has passed beyond the domain of human praise into the pantheon of unusual history.

I might add that one of those boys afterwards became the vice-president of the United States; and the other is your speaker.

Speaking to any audience in America, and I might say in the world, I doubt if such an incident could be truthfully related of any other gathering.

POLITICS.

We had political parties in those days, and the country was lost and saved as often then as now.

The leading Whigs were David Davis, Wm. McCullough, Allen Withers, Jesse W. Fell, Isaac Funk, General Gridley, Wm. Thomas, Wm. H. Temple, Wm. Hodge, James Miller.

The leading Democrats were Merrit L. Covell, Abraham Brokaw, Henry I. Miller, Joseph C. Duncan, John W. Ewing, H. P. Merriman, Albert Dodd, John Moore, Geo. D. McIlhiney.

There was a *third* party—not a Greenback, Populist, or Prohibition party. It was called the *Abolition party*! It was a small and very much abused party. In Bloomington it numbered six members: Thomas Hardy, Wm. Wallis, J. N. Ward, Deacon Tompkins, Geo. Deitrich, Silas Hays.

Abolitionism was then a term of reproach. And those who openly professed the faith were bitterly denounced as fanatics, "pestilent fellows," "stirers-up of sedition," and enemies of their country. They denied this charge. They said, "We love our country, and therefore dare we not keep silence concerning her sin."

Whigs and Democrats proclaimed the *vital and all important* questions were about Internal Improvements, U. S. Bank, the Tariff, the Mexican War. These six men said, "nothing is important but human liberty." "You cannot have a republic half slave and half free." "A free people cannot have slaves." "It is on our consciences, we must talk."

The Whigs and Democrats said, "You are agitators; you must not agitate, you will ruin the country."

They said, "Not till the country divorces herself from her sin can her bells ring peace."

And now, in the white light of history, we know that theirs was, "The voice crying in the wilderness, make straight the paths of the Lord!"

Now we know, that those six men, and they only, were right, and all the others were wrong.

Now we know, that in politics, questions of arithmetic, questions of finance, questions of economics are never of supreme importance.

Now we know, that in the presence of a question of human liberty, a question of preserving the republic on the true principle of the Declaration of Independence, all other questions must veil their faces, and, for the time being, sink into insignificance.

THE BUSINESS INTERESTS

of the village were well represented. The market was largely local, but almost every demand was supplied by some local industry.

Mr. Matthew Hawks operated an oil mill.

Mr. John N. Larimore manufactured hats.

Mr. Daniel Dryer had a pottery.

Wm. Flagg and John W. Ewing, as Flagg & Ewing, operated a saw mill, machine shop and foundry, and manufactured furniture.

David Haggard made half bushels.

Lewis Bunn and Oliver Ellsworth were the blacksmiths.

Gillespie and Adolph were tailors.

John Dawson was the shoemaker.

Goodman and Lyman Ferre were the wagon makers.

James Walton and Joshua Harlan were saddlers and harness makers.

John Myers and S. B. Brown ran the flour mill.

Jacob Myers had a woolen mill.

Ebenezer Peck and William Brewer each owned tan yards.

George Deitrich was the tinner.

Noah Stine, Benjamin Harrison, and John Rockhold were coopers.

Allen Withers, Wm. Temple, Wm. H. Allen, James H. Robinson, and A. J. Merriman were our merchants.

Joel Depew was a cabinet maker.

J. N. Ward manufactured chairs.

Cravan Bosley was the house painter, and

John L. Wolcott was the undertaker.

You see how diversified were these industries. How everything that was wanted was manufactured at home. Every one did well, made a good living, and was well content that his neighbor should prosper. There was then no selfish spirit of competition which sought to drive all others out of business and gather all the golden sheaves into one barn.

Remember, in this village were only 500 or 600 people. Ministers, doctors, lawyers, manufacturers, handicraftsmen, and day laborers all worked together for the good of the community and of each other. All whose names I have mentioned in any connection were high-minded, honorable men. Self-respecting and respected, many of them were remarkable men; and all of them would have been marked men in any community. They respected each other's rights while they maintained their own.

Between these men there were strong attachments and warm friendships, which lasted through life, and in many cases extended to their descendants. There were no rich men, and few poor ones.

I have often expressed a doubt if any other village of equal size ever contained as many men of such peculiar and marked characteristics what might be called "characters," or "types."

There are many of my hearers who will understand exactly what I mean when I call to their recollection: Zera Patterson, Capt. Furgason, John Rockhold, James Allen, General Gridley, John Dietrich, William Flagg, Wm. C. Hobbs, Isaac Baker, Dr. Lindley, Bailey Coffee, Greenberry Larrison, Dr. Espy, Wm. McCullough, Jesse W. Fell, Willett Gray, Wm. Temple.

Strongly marked characters, and utterly unlike any one but themselves.

There were no railroads in those days, no telegraphs nor telephones, no sewing machines, no gas lights, no pavements, few sidewalks, no daily paper, no city council, no *mayor!* and yet people were happy!

I love to think of this little community, with its simple and healthy habits, its splendid men and women, its bright lads and pretty maidens as something ideal. There was not the elegance, fashion and culture of to-day; but there was honesty, kindness and good will.

There were not the fine residences which now adorn our beautiful city. Their homes were mostly cottages and cabins; but the honeysuckle and the morning-glory climbed over their doorways, and the songs of birds wakened them from slumber.

These were some of the men and women who laid the foundation and built our city. The builders are dead, but their city remains, and this celebration to-day is in honor of their memory.

Fifty years ago the village became a city. *In that fifty years* what marvelous changes have taken place! The railroads came, the sidewalks and pavements were built; our churches have increased in size and number, and our colleges and schools, our court house and fine public buildings, our library, our water-works, our fire department, our beautiful shaded streets, our literary and musical societies have all combined to more than fulfill the promise of our youth. In all this material prosperity and improvement we rejoice.

But there is something more about a city than its streets and houses; something, if not so tangible, yet quite as real. It is what the French call

L'ESPRIT DE LA VILLE.

Paris is not simply a great fashionable city which is to have an Exposition this year. It is the city of Charlemagne, of Louis the XIV, of Rosseau and Robes-pierre, of Marie Antoinette, of the Revolution, the Bastile, and the Commune. It is where kings and emperors have reigned, loved and died; and which a thousand tragedies have embalmed in story and song.

When an American visits London, the first places he inquires after and wants most to see is London Bridge, Drury Lane, and Primrose Hill, immortalized in the wonderful poems of Mother Goose. Then he wants to find the "Old Curiosity Shop," and a hundred other places made so real by the genius of Charles Dickens.

I once stopped over a day in a little town in Italy to visit the grave of a sixteen year old girl who died 400 years ago (or rather who never lived at all), simply because the greatest poet who ever lived had told how passionately she loved, and how sadly she died. The genius of the poet hallowed the spot and changed the mystic ideal into things rare and real.

A hundred thousand tourists annually visit a little town in Germany (not larger than LeRoy), because a poet wrote the little love song of "Bingen on the Rhine."

The houses, streets and alleys are the "outward and visible signs of the inward and spiritual" life and character of a city which is, after all, the most real. Wherever you feel the touch of humanity, wherever you connect the scenes with the deeds of men, who have lived, and loved, and suffered, the chain is beyond the breaking. Hence these celebrations effect

our hearts. They bring to us the memory of those whose lives and works have made life easier for us. They recall whatever there may be of noble action, self-sacrifice, or act of heroism. This celebration will make more real to us these intangible certitudes. If we love our city, that love will be anchored in its memories, tragedies, and traditions.

The moral tone, of a city, its intelligence, its public spirit, its culture, its patriotism, its traditions, its citizenship; what it has done, and what it has produced, determine its certitudes. Considered from this point of view, I think, we may also say, "WE ARE CITIZENS OF NO MEAN CITY."

Bloomington is a patriotic city! She sent soldiers and officers to the Black Hawk War. She sent a company to the Mexican War. She sent a regiment to the war of the Rebellion. She sent a company to the war with Spain.

We have Harvey, Howell, Hogg, Orme, and McCullough who gave up their lives for their country. They, with many others, are our heroes, whom we delight to honor.

Bloomington has also furnished her full quota to the civil service of her country. Two vice-presidents, one United States senator, a judge of the United States Supreme court; a judge of the court of Claims; six members of congress; two governors, and one chief justice of the state of Illinois.

And without any disposition to exaggerate, and in all modesty, I think I may say, that we are prepared to duplicate this record at any time the country may be in need of jurists and statesmen.

Bloomington is a moral city! It is full of beautiful houses; its yards, gardens and lawns are clean and well kept. It is full of churches and schools, and its streets are lined, adorned, and beautified with shade

trees, (except where the spaces are needed for telegraph poles.)

We challenge comparison with any city, as to the moral tone, intelligence, public spirit, culture, and social qualities of our citizens. And, subjectively considered, we may well say, "WE ARE CITIZENS OF NO MEAN CITY."

Thus far I have spoken of the past. But what may we reasonably expect of

THE FUTURE?

I think Bloomington will never be a very large city; and I am glad of that. It will never be a boom city; and I am glad of that. It will never be a manufacturing city; and I am glad of that. It will never be the capital of the state; and I am glad of that. It will never be a city like Chicago; and I am glad of that.

Bloomington will continue its steady, conservative, healthy growth towards the fulfillment of its manifest destiny; which is, to become the ideal residence city of the west.

It will not be long until all of our streets will be paved; thus saving the annual expense of taking care of dirt roads, and the enormous additional expense of cleaning the pavements already built. This will be done just as soon as it can be realized that it will cost no more to do it all in one year than to spread it over twenty.

Continuing in the spirit of prophecy, I will say, the time is coming when, following the suggestion of one of our most public spirited citizens, our school house yards and our unique little strip lawns will be turned over to our park commissioners, who will see that they are well covered with grass, their shade trees trimmed and guarded, (and wherever the telegraph, electric light, and telephone companies permit), new trees planted whenever they are needed.

We need, and will have established here, a first-class female college, a fit mate for our universities, where our young girls can secure a finished education, while at the same time enjoying the benefits of home culture and protection. When we have the schools, our city will be sought as a place of residence by people of means and refinement, for purposes of education and the benefits to be derived therefrom. If we have any money to give away, let us give it for this purpose, and not to buggy factories and cereal mills, *et cetera!*

In this ideal city of the future, we will have clean streets. There has been wonderful improvement in the last year. Just as soon as our city council learns that there is no money the citizen pays so willingly as that used in cleaning the streets, this service will be improved. There is another thing! Some day, it will dawn upon the street commissioner, that it costs no more to clean off the crossings within an hour after a rain, than it does four days after. And then, won't we all be happy?

We may none of us live to see the blessed time, but some time "in the sweet bye and bye" the long rows of great ugly, black, dirty poles, which mar, disfigure, and disgrace many of our most beautiful avenues, will be removed, and the rusty wires which adorn them will be buried out of sight. Do not think I am imposing upon your credulity, or desire to create false hopes. In this wonderful century of material progress more wonderful things have happened, and even if our eyes may not see this glory, we may leave it as a hope and aspiration to our posterity.

There is a beautiful little city to the north of us, built up around our state university. I am in favor of annexing Normal. It is not at all certain that the inhabitants of that city are capable of self-government. In all the years they have been trying the experiment,

they haven't established a single saloon, and but one law office. Annexation would be of great financial advantage to us. It would open up a great missionary field, and a new area of enterprise for our surplus lawyers, real estate men, insurance agents and book peddlers. I do not favor, however, forcible annexation (if it can be avoided). I believe the "constitution follows the flag," and favor a policy that would give these "insurgents" the benefit of home government, under our direction, and the rights of citizenship; provided they accept our notions of citizenship

If Normal will allow us to retain a few saloons, and the city railway company will agree to run enough cars after the theater, the matter can be easily arranged.

Then by a judicious system of tariff duties, or by special assessment, we might compel these new citizens to build hard roads and pavements connecting us with our "new possessions."

By the establishment of a coaling station at the university, we could easily extend our trade to the Soldiers' Home, Hudson, Kerrick, and Kappa. The possibilities are enormous.

More seriously speaking, there is a growing conviction that a union of these cities, under just and proper conditions, will be mutually beneficial in very many ways. There are visions of hard roads, paved streets, shaded drives, and intervening parks; of a larger and more beautiful city, cheaper taxation, more influence for good, and brighter prospects for the future.

Our little neighbor is somewhat coy, and must be wooed as a bride; the union must be a marriage, and added to its material advantages, must be added a dowry of love and affection.

One other hope allow me to express. In the old city cemetery sleep many of our city builders, with the ones they loved. This consecrated property is owned by the city. Is not this an appropriate occasion to suggest

the caring for and beautifying of this long neglected city of our dead? It would be but the grateful performance of a sacred duty. I am sure I express the unanimous sentiment of every citizen of Bloomington, when I say to our city council that any reasonable expenditure of money for this purpose would meet with their cordial approval.

A city is a part of the state and the nation. As we are "CITIZENS OF NO MEAN CITY," in a far higher sense we are citizens of a great free Republic.

As we gather up the memories and traditions of our little city, that our love and patriotism may grow into fellowship with them, we will not forget the broader and more sacred obligations we owe to our entire country. We will remember with renewed thankfulness our unpaid debt of gratitude to its founders and builders.

If I remind you, it is not because you have forgotten, how they laid its foundations on the solid rock of absolute political and legal equality, and then cemented them with their blood; how they gave us a government without king, or cast, or pride of birth, where we call no man master; where there is no royal road to distinction, and where honest worth is better than coronet or patent of nobility; how they left us rich legacies in their words of wisdom for our guidance.

This great legacy is ours, not bought with a price, but a free gift. What we will do with it, and how we will execute our trust, remains to be written. If we are true to our trust; true to our fathers, true to the institutions they founded, our country will go on from prosperity to prosperity, and find its fruition in power, and safety, and peace. But if faithless, we relax public vigilance, and are seduced into yielding to the rash impulses of the hour, and permit our country to be dragged into the vortex of foreign strife, we may make

shipwreck of the noblest bark that was ever launched on the tide of time.

The God of Nations, who inspired the Declaration of Independence, who gave us Jefferson and Lincoln, who camped with our armies at Valley Forge and on a hundred battlefields of civil strife, who has safeguarded us in all our trials, will not forsake us in our present temptation. But out of it all, as purified by fire, will come a renewed patriotism, a purer love of liberty, a more unselfish public service, and a more stainless public honor, which will enable us, and our children's children, to say, with exultation and pride, not only, are we, "CITIZENS OF NO MEAN CITY!" but of the great free American Republic.



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